

FUNNY FOLKS

It Truth Were Known.

"What a bewitching little thing your niece, Miss Mabel, is!" declared the prim old bachelor. "She is so chic and animated—a charming little bundle of energy."

"Horrors! What a time I've had," said Mabel, after he had gone. "These shoes are so tight they nearly killed me. I was simply writhing in agony; couldn't keep still a minute."—Detroit Free Press.

The Gladness That Failed.

"The sky is blue," sighed the maiden fair, "And the scents that come from the fields are sweet. O, the world is glad, but what do I care?—My shoes are overcrowded with feet!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL LIE.



Mr. Chubb (finishing yarn)—It took me 47 minutes to land it—weighed 12 pounds!

Mr. Roach—Well, where is it?
Mr. Chubb—Oh, yes! she's a dear little woman and all that, but she's so infernally silly.

Get Together.
The competitors in goodness
Who at each other thrust
Should imitate the plutocrats
And organize a trust.
—Puck.

Didn't Relish the Prospect.
Young Husband (speaking to his wife)—Oh, yes! she's a dear little woman and all that, but she's so infernally silly.

Elderly Friend—Oh, well! that will improve in time. As we grow older, so we grow wiser.

Young Husband—Aye, but some women never grow any older!—Ally Sloper.

Obviously Incorrect.
"Do you believe one can find the initials of one's future husband in the tea dregs?"

"No; I've tried it and tried it, and I never could find anything but the initials of my present husband."—Detroit Journal.

In the Same Direction.
"I see," said the opposing council to the late Emory A. Storrs, "you hate to meet the truth in this matter."

"I never do meet it," was the prompt reply. "The truth and I always travel in the same direction."—Boston Journal.

The Brate.
"Ah, well," she sighed, "I'll die some day, and then you will begin to appreciate how I helped you along in life."

"Mary," he said, "if you knew how anxious I am to give you credit, you wouldn't wait a day longer."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Selection.
Mrs. De Fine—Here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darling? Only \$28!

Mr. De Fine—Great snakes! You said bonnets could be bought at from three dollars up.

Mrs. De Fine—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups."—N. Y. Weekly.

Alas! Alas!
You may salt, you may season
The cucumber if you will,
But the old colic prerogative
Will cling to it still.
—Chicago Daily News.

MISSED IT THAT TRIP.



Doctor—You're all run down. What you need is a sea voyage. What's your business?

Patient—Sailor with Dewey; just home, sir.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Poor Henpecked!
She wrapped him around her finger;
But lately it appears
That since they have been married
She raps him around his ears.
—N. Y. World.

Divided Responsibility.
Kitty—Does the man marry the woman or the woman marry the man?

Tom—Sometimes one way and sometimes t'other; but usually the man and the woman are equally to blame for it.—Boston Transcript.

Well-Founded Fear.
Dealer—This is a prayer rug, and the cost of it is only \$2.00.

Lady Customer—A prayer rug? I am afraid I bought it at that price my husband would use it for purposes of profanity.—Town Topics.

Stinging.

"I would I were a bird!" wailed the fair girl at the piano.

"I would you were a box of axle-grease," hissed the dark man under the palm.

"I wonder what he means by that?" asked the lemon-haired maiden.

"He means that axle grease stops screeching," whispered the man in black suspenders.—Chicago Daily News.

Consolation.

"I hear," said the man who was home-hunting, "that no one can live in this place but doctors."

"You are wrong," replied the native. "I live here and I'm no doctor."

"Indeed! And might I ask what you are?"

"I, sir, am an undertaker."—Chicago Daily News.

Feminine Inventive Genius.

Miss Van Nilla—The Scientific News says ice cream freezers were invented by a woman.

Mr. Promenod—I don't believe it.

Miss Van Nilla—Humph! Perhaps you think women incapable of inventing anything?

Mr. Promenod—N-o. Women doubtless invented ice cream saloons.—N. Y. Weekly.

Refined Contempt.

"I don't see why you persist in referring to that young person as a 'caddy'."

"He doesn't take any interest in golf."

"I wasn't thinking of golf," answered Miss Cayenne. "He isn't big enough to be a real live caddy, and I thought I ought to use a diminutive."

—Washington Star.

A Rural Ignoramus.

Pretty Girl (at hotel)—Who is that handsome stranger at the next table?

Favorite Waiter—I don't know, miss, some country gawk, I s'pose. He don't know nothin' 'bout fash'n'ble life.

"Indeed! Why do you think so?"

"He's sittin' there starvin' instead of feenin' a waiter an' gettin' somethin' to eat."—N. Y. Weekly.

Frequent Outcome.

The wrangling parties talked and talked. They waited, and they waited.

And, saying they ne'er would arbitrate, Went and arbitrated.

—Chicago Tribune.

WILLIE HAD AN IDEA.

Master—Now then, Willie, what is water?

Willie—Water, sir? Why, water is—er—mud with the dirt taken out!

—Ally Sloper.

Important Factor.

From us far be it to despise
The unsuccessful man!
Think what the human race would be
Without the "also ran!"
—Detroit Journal.

Head in Name Only.

"Is the head of the family in?" inquired the census enumerator.

"The man who calls himself the head of the family is in," replied the determined looking woman who had opened the door, "but you can't see him. He is hiding under the bed and is afraid to come out."—N. Y. Journal.

Hard on the Brain.

Small Boy—I don't wonder that women's heads so often ache.

Little Girl—Why?

Small Boy—Every time they see any of their children they've got to think up some reason for not letting them do what they want to.—Stray Stories.

A Gentle Warning.

He—I'm thinking of proposing to you.

She—I hope you will postpone it awhile.

He—Why?

She—I don't know you well enough yet to refuse you.—Town Topics.

In Everybody's Mouth.

Hoax—See that little chap over there? He doesn't look like a celebrity, and yet his name is in everyone's mouth.

Joax—So? Who is he?

Hoax—Why, his name's Mohler.—Tit-Bits.

A Doubting Thomas.

"Dis hyah talk 'bout Mother Eve bein' tempted wif er apple," remarked the colored philosopher, "am ef rankest kind o' nonsense. Now ef it had er bin er watermillin, den yo' all might talk sho 'nuff."—Chicago Daily News.

Always in Stock.

"You haven't any smokeless tobacco, have you?" asked the smart young man.

"Lots of it," said the matter-of-fact person behind the counter, producing a bladder of snuff. How much do you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

No Joke to Them.

Wickwire—These funny men would not see so much fun in doctors' bills if they had to pay a few.

Dr. Bowless—Nor would they if they had to collect them.—Indianapolis Journal.

JOHN C. HUBINGER.

Remarkable Career of a Well-Known Western Capitalist, Manufacturer and Philanthropist.

Among the leaders of the progressive element for which the middle west is famous, Mr. John C. Hubinger, of Keokuk, Ia., reigns without a peer. As a manufacturer, as an enterprising capitalist and as a philanthropist his fame has spread over many states, and his financial enterprises have developed many obscure towns into progressive, thrifty and wide-awake cities. Mr. Hubinger, although but 47 years of age, can look back upon scores of commercial victories, each one of which has benefited mankind, for his liberality is as bountiful as his business sagacity is marvelous. He was born in New Orleans, La., his parents being of French and German origin. When he was four years old, his family removed to Kentucky, in which state young Hubinger received a public school education. Almost before reaching man's estate he secured patents on a number of valuable mechanical inventions, thereby laying the foundation of his present fortune.

By inclination and force of circumstances his attention was early directed to the manufacture of starch by improved processes, and in the course of time he became the head of a concern having an annual business of millions of dollars. But genuine ambition never quite satisfied with existing conditions, works ever toward perfection, and after years of painstaking study and research Mr. Hubinger has made a



JOHN C. HUBINGER.

discovery, which he considers the crowning event of his wonderful career, and which is embodied in a new article of commerce, known as Red Cross Starch (Red Cross trade mark). He is planning to distribute millions of packages of this starch to the housewives of America, at a merely nominal price to the consumer, in order to make its merits known without delay. Thus, for but 5 cents two large 10c packages of Red Cross Starch may be had, together with two magnificent Shakespearean views printed in 12 beautiful colors, or a Twentieth Century Girl Calendar; or for only 20 cents 10 packages of the starch and the entire series of eight Shakespearean views and one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar—views alone easily worth \$1.00. Watch this paper for future premium announcements, of which every lady will certainly want to take advantage.

While Mr. Hubinger will devote his best energies to the manufacture of this new and wonderful starch, he will not retire from the various financial enterprises in which he is interested—street railways, electric lighting plants and the Mississippi Valley Telephone Co., with 10,000 telephone subscribers in Minneapolis and St. Paul—nor will his augmented activity interfere with his social obligations and exercise of the splendid hospitality which he dispenses at his palatial Keokuk home. Mr. Hubinger's family, consisting of himself, wife and four children, is the pivot around which his activity revolves, and while fond of promoting great enterprises, he is still fond of his home circle, where he spends every moment of time not taken up by business or public cares.

THEIR OPINION OF HIM.

A Blow-Hard Government Clerk Who Tried to Make an Impression Upon Indians.

Last winter a delegation of Indians from a far western state, on a tour of inspection through the interior department, visited the land office, where they were introduced to the clerk who had special charge of their section of the country, a bumptious little individual with a big head. This official proceeded to overpower the redmen with his importance, says a Washington correspondent in the New York Tribune. Grasping each one of them cordially by the hand, he patted them patronizingly on their backs and then delivered a long speech, explaining in detail the work of the office, their interest in it, laying particular stress on the fact that he was the motive power of it all. As soon as their entertainer paused for breath the visiting Indians began to grunt and talk among themselves.

"What are they saying?" asked the egotistical clerk, expecting to hear high praise of himself. "Tell me what they are saying."

"I cannot tell you," replied the interpreter: "it was not for you to hear."

But the little man insisted, and with great reluctance the interpreter finally yielded. "They said," he translated, "Little man, big head, heap talk, say nothing, much fool."

RUFFLES DAD'S DIGNITY.

The Young Baseball Rooter Causes His Paternal to Feel Too Prominent.

He is a Chicago board of trade man, dignified to a degree, has luxuriant, bushy side whiskers, clean chin and upper lip, and he dearly loves baseball. He also has a son six years old, who loves the game as dearly as does his father, and while the elder enjoys the playing in a solid, placid, contented way, the boy bubbles over with enthusiasm and outcries all other rooters.

During the last Chicago-St. Louis game father and son sat in the grand stand under the intense strain of knowing that St. Louis had two men on bases and two out, and if the man at the bat made a base hit the score would be tied. The latter smote the ball heavily. It soared upward and onward, far back into what the baseball reporter calls "the left garden."

Left fielder Ryan was there, and, after a long, hard spurt, caught the fly on his finger tips and held it. The crowd screamed joyously and the small son of his father nearly went out of his skin for glee. The father merely smiled with dignity.

Finally the crowd ceased its yelling after the left fielder had doffed his cap thrice. There was silence as he walked to the bench with his blond mustache with either hand.

Then, with his father's clean shaven upper lip in mind, and with a voice that drew the attention of the assembled hundreds toward his devoted dad, the six-year-old rooter fairly yelled: "O pap, don't you wish you had a mustache like Jimmie Ryan's?"—Chicago Tribune.

Stunned with Woe.

The gentleman with the red, red nose got aboard the trolley car, which, by some mischance, had stopped for a moment.

The little boy looked at the man with the nose.

And the little boy didn't ask his father anything.

"Merciful heaven!" muttered the fond parent. "I am the father of a freak!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Home Seekers' Excursions via "Big Four Route."

To the North, West, Northwest, Southwest, South and Southeast. Selling dates: August 15th, September 5th and 19th; and on October 3d and 17th, 1899, at one fare, plus \$2.00 to authorized points in the following states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, British Columbia, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Indian Territory, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Manitoba, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Washington. For full information and particulars as to rates, routes, tickets, limits, stop-over privileges, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned. W. P. Depe, A. G. P. & T. Agt., Warren J. Lynch, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

Employment for the Idle.

Almost anyone, when he can't think of anything else to do, eats something.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"Hello!" exclaimed the fish. "Here to stay?" "No," replied the worm; "I just dropped in for a bite."—Philadelphia Record.

Some men work hardest trying to accomplish useless things.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 18.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle, common \$2.75 to \$3.75. Select butchers \$4.00 to \$5.00.

CALVES—2 to 3 years \$7.00 to \$7.75. HOGS—Coarse and heavy \$3.50 to \$4.31.

Mixed packers \$3.50 to \$4.00. SHEEP—Choice \$3.75 to \$4.00.

Wool \$1.00 to \$1.25. FLOUR—Winter patent \$3.25 to \$3.50.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10. No. 2 mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Corn—No. 2 mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10. Oats—No. 2 \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Rye—No. 2 \$1.00 to \$1.10. HAY—Prime choice \$1.00 to \$1.10.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork \$1.00 to \$1.10. Lard \$1.00 to \$1.10.

BUTTER—Choice dairy \$1.00 to \$1.10. Choice creamery \$1.00 to \$1.10.

APPLES—Choice to fancy \$1.00 to \$1.10. POTATOES—Per brl \$1.00 to \$1.10.

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent \$3.50 to \$3.75. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10.

No. 3 Chicago spring \$1.00 to \$1.10. CORN—No. 2 \$1.00 to \$1.10.

OATS—No. 2 \$1.00 to \$1.10. PORK—Mess \$1.00 to \$1.10.

LARD—Steam \$1.00 to \$1.10. NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent \$3.50 to \$3.75. W. at—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10.

CORN—No. 2 mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10. RYE—No. 2 \$1.00 to \$1.10.

OATS—Mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10. PORK—New mess \$1.00 to \$1.10.

LARD—Western \$1.00 to \$1.10. BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family \$3.25 to \$3.50. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Southern \$1.00 to \$1.10. CORN—Mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10.

OATS—No. 2 white \$1.00 to \$1.10. RYE—No. 2 western \$1.00 to \$1.10.

CATTLE—First quality \$1.00 to \$1.10. HOGS—Western \$1.00 to \$1.10.

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10. CORN—No. 2 mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10.

OATS—No. 2 mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10. LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent \$3.45 to \$3.55. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 to \$1.10.

CORN—Mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10. OATS—Mixed \$1.00 to \$1.10.

PORK—Mess \$1.00 to \$1.10. LARD—Steam \$1.00 to \$1.10.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe.

Catalogue B Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

CARTER'S INK

Ask for it. If your dealer hasn't it he can get it easily.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Accommodated.

At the end of his two weeks' vacation, wanting a third week, he telegraphed his employer: "Very sick. Please hold my job."

And back came this mystifying reply: "Take all time you want to get well. Another man is holding your job."—Philadelphia North American.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

One Reason.

Green—Why is it that some doctors have so small a practice?
DeWitt—It may be because they are practicing physicians.—Cleveland Leader.

Don't be hoodwinked into buying a special dye for wool and a special dye for cotton. If your goods should not be all wool, you would have to buy two packages and dye your goods twice. Putnam Fadeless Dyes will color either silk, wool or cotton at one time in the same vessel and you only have to buy one package.

First Young Attorney—"You seem to be very much attached to Miss Goodcatch?"

Second Young Attorney—"Well, she owns 300 acres of land. That's sufficient ground for an attachment, isn't it?"—Ohio State Journal.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

In her apologies to her husband, a woman lays the blame of her fault on either her affections or her nerves.—Atchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.—Shakespeare.

CAPABLE MOTHERHOOD

A CAPABLE mother must be a healthy mother.

The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation.

Correct and practical counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

MRS. CORA GILSON, Yates, Manistee Co., Mich., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, dragging pains in my back, menses were profuse and painful and was troubled with leucorrhoea. I took patent medicines